Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, ther's no doubt his maiestie
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloecster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie joyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo. of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speaketh chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloecster and your brothers.
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloecster.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such discentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewde complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloecster, you mistake the matter:
The king of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad.
That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo,
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,